

These Photographs of the Prima Donna Were Made Especially for The Sunday Republic.

## YVONNE DE TREVILLE, PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO, IN NEW CAMERA POSES

Opera Gowns Made in London and Paris Are Shown in This Grouping.



Magnificent gowns like the "Elsa" costume are very costly, and there isn't much left of a prima donna's salary after she fits herself out at the beginning of a season for the various roles in which she is to campaign.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Three elegant gowns purchased this season by Yvonne de Treville, the charming prima donna of the Castle Square Opera Company, represent in cost pretty nearly a whole year's salary. Think of this, who have aspirations to become prima donnas in grand opera!

The gowns here shown are for the role of Elsa in "Lohengrin," for that of Elizabeth in "Tannhauser," and for the part in which the young singer has just charmed her hearers, that of Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet." The "Lohengrin" costume, worn at the bridal feast, is of white satin richly embroidered in gold and brilliant. It is a magnificent robe, and with it goes the crown and mantle. Another dress shown on this page is that which Miss de Treville wore in the first act of "Romeo and Juliet." This, too, is of heavy white satin, embroidered in pearls and rhinestones.

The "Tannhauser" gown is the most magnificent of them all. White also is its color, and its material, thick creamy satin, embroidered in pyrites, pearls and rhinestones. The mantle which goes with this robe is of velvet's egg blue, embroidered in gold and lined in old rose. This mantle is worn in the second act, in which Elizabeth greets the knights.

An emine mantle, of real fur, not the stage article, is worth a small fortune. It is trimmed with white fox, the body being of cloth of silver. A few weeks ago, when Miss de Treville wore this mantle in the "Tannhauser" production in New York, a big, burly policeman behind the stage watched the little lady drag her elegant tress over the dirty floor of the stage. It irritated him to see such a thing.

"Well, I can't afford to have you sweep



PHOTOGRAPH BY STRAIN

In "Tannhauser" Miss de Treville wears a real ermine mantle, not stage ermine, but the real article, which is probably the most expensive fur in the world. White fox is also rare, and that is the trimming of this handsome garment, the exterior of which is made of silver cloth, a very expensive article, by the way.

The pretty Juliet gown (with the rose, in which Miss de Treville was admired by her audience last week, is a beautiful satin gown, covered with pearls and brilliant and the girlish figure to perfection. Miss de Treville's mother designs all her gowns, buys the material, has them made and surprises her daughter with them when they are finished.

up the stage with such beautiful clothes," he cried, and looked pityingly at the singer in her splendid array.

"I can't enter, and I am her mother," said Mrs. de Treville, who accompanied her daughter on her trips and always watches her from the wings when she sings.

The three dresses were made in New York, where Mrs. de Treville does most of her shopping. Her mother attempts to be goading and thus lifts a big load from the slender shoulders of the singer.

The "Meistersinger" gown was made in Paris, and the ermine mantle for "Tannhauser" came from London. All the en-



This "Lohengrin" costume (with crown) was made in New York, but the mantle is an English importation and costs a good deal more than a "song." The embroidery for this mantle is alone worth a small fortune. Girdle and crown cost another pretty penny, you may be sure.

brobery that covers the "Lohengrin" mantle was purchased in the capital of Great Britain. The purchase of all these stage-dresses is often the smallest part of the expense. After four performances a week all the gowns, mantles and other toilet equipments have to be thoroughly cleaned. The old slippers which Miss de Treville wears are cleaned twice during each performance, otherwise they would be unsightly.

Taking into consideration the first cost of such elegant attire, the cost of the cleaning process regularly every week, and the keeping in order of every hook and button, every seam and ornament, a grand opera prima donna has not much left of her salary for maintenance, to say nothing of street and house gowns, which she must also possess.

The life of such a wardrobe is not long. Miss de Treville has had some of her richest and most expensive stage gowns a little less than two years, and at the end of this season they will have to be entirely replaced. That is to say, she must arrange for entirely new sets of costumes for the opera mentioned.

It is true that Miss de Treville, being possessed of private means, is better situated than most young stars in grand opera companies, and it is true that so young a singer as she can supply herself with such expensive and handsome stage costumes. Of course, some of the cast-off gowns can be made over for other operas of minor importance, but the savings is not great and does not amount to more than one-tenth of the original cost of the gown.

## HIS MAKE-UP WAS TOO REALISTIC.

Actor Frederick Bond Mistaken for a Tramp and Ejected by the Doorkeeper.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Frederick Bond, who takes the part of the headwaiter in "At the White Horse Tavern," tells an amusing story of an incident which occurred a few years ago, when he played the part of a tramp in Ed Smith Russell's comedy, "Edgewood Folks."

It was during an unusually severe winter that the company was called to open a new theater at Mauch Chunk, Pa. Mauch Chunk is on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, the most picturesque spot in the American Switzerland, as that section of the country is called. The event was an important one to the good people of this thriving town, who naturally looked upon the proprietor as a very important personage. In fact, every trace of the horse came in for his dose of extra respect, even the doorkeeper, back of the stage, who was in consequence fully impressed with the dignity and importance of his position.

As had been stated, Mr. Bond was engaged to play the part of a tramp—as realistic a hobo as ever trod the stage or the streets. The actor's make-up was capital, as those remember who saw "Edgewood Folks." After making up, Mr. Bond came upstairs to wait for his cue. He took a position near the right second entrance, where he could see the people on the stage.

He noticed that the doorkeeper eyed him suspiciously, but became absorbed in the acting of his friend, Ed, that he paid no attention to the stare of the bespectacled guardian of the stage entrance.

Suddenly a hoarse hand was laid on the actor's collar of his coat, accompanied by a yank that lifted him fairly off his feet and whisked him through the air toward the back exit, then the door was opened, and with a well-directed kick and a forward shove, poor Bond flew out into the alley directly into a snow drift.

"Take that, ye sneakin' hobo!" yelled the doorkeeper, a great, husky fellow, who slammed the door immediately he had thrown Bond out.

The actor wallowed out of the snow drift, in an agony of fear that he would miss his entrance. He pounded wildly at the door, which was locked now, and yelled for admission. But there was no response and the pseudo tramp shivered as much from stress of mind as he did from the biting air and the melting of the snow which had gotten into the folds of his make-up.

Meanwhile came Bond's cue. Russell looked around, walked to the wings and back again and tried his best to hide the accident. Everybody was on the alert and "Polka" after making up, Mr. Bond came upstairs to wait for his cue. He took a position near the right second entrance, where he could see the people on the stage. He made his entrance amid the cheers of

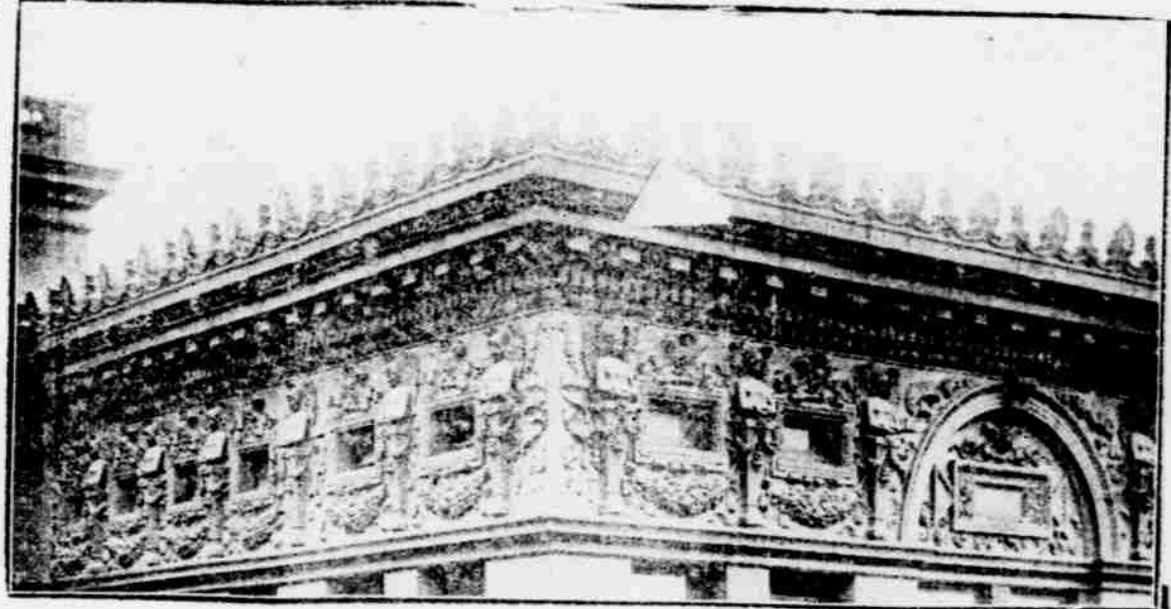
the audience. Mr. Russell was dumbfounded. At last, when explanations could be made, he reprimanded the doorkeeper as well as Bond, saying in his drawing, good-natured way:

"You are both too confoundedly realistic!"

## A NOBLEMAN OF INDIA.

The Young Maharajah of Mysore Is a Bright Young Fellow.

The young Maharajah of Mysore, India, is now about 16 years old, and is rapidly following in the footsteps of his late father, both in intellectual attainments and in those social qualities which endeared the late Maharajah to both Europeans and natives alike. He has made great progress during the last four years, and his knowledge of English is above the average, while his conversational powers are far beyond those of most youths of his age. His sporting instincts are, to use the slang expression, "sound," and he is good at all the sports in which the English schoolboy is expected to excel. He spends the year between Mysore, Bangalore and Ootacamund. This winter he is to make a tour, accompanied by his tutor and Mr. Crawford, the British resident at Mysore, when he will visit all the places of interest in the north-west Province, finishing up with a visit to the Viceroy at Calcutta.



DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS BIT OF CORNICE ON ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT CORNERS IN ST. LOUIS?



Poor Bond Flew Out Into the Alley.